

Smile and Sing



**CHICAGO COUNCIL
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
37 SOUTH WABASH AVE.**

"A Scout Is Thrifty"

Scout, this song book is the gift of one of our good friends. It is not to be looked over and enjoyed just for the moment and then laid aside. Keep it ready for use at scout rallies, troop meetings, and camp. Once lost you will probably be unable to replace it. Treat it as a friend and it will give you many happy times.

SING!

Singing is athletics.

No?

Listen. What is the last thing you do before you die? Take one last breath. Fine old friends—the lungs!

Give them a workout and see how fine you feel. Fill up your lungs and sing. "Thank you," says they.

But singing does more than ventilate the chest. Down near the tummy, the intercostal muscles dance about, and the diaphragm can't keep still at all, it feels so happy, and the lungs of course don't feel exactly sick-abad either.

Then up in the throat there's some apparatus called the Borax or something—perhaps it's the Larynx—and it flutters in the breeze. And the little soft palate at the back of the throat is just paralyzed with joy at all the beauty coming up!

Now singing is like any other form of athletics. You know how you hate to see anybody playing in a namby-pamby wish-washy way. When you play baseball or basketball, you like to jump into it with both feet and give it all the works.

All right—same in singing. Point your mouth in any convenient direction as long as it's up—and begin. You can't sing with your chin on your chest any more than you can play football with your right foot in your pocket.

Can you toss a song as far as anyone?

Pile right through the book. Lots of old friends. Plenty of new ones.

Get acquainted with them all.

E. A. BOLAN.

INDEX

	No.
Alouette	28
America, The Beautiful	71
Belly Ache Song	25
Blest Be the Ties That Bind	80
Billboard	27
Camp McDonald	64
Casey Jones	37
Clementine	29
Climate	35
Chicago Fire	50
Darkey Sunday School	31
Down By Owasippe's Shore	68
Dummy Line	32
Faith Of Our Fathers	82
Famous Crystal Lake	65
Feather Bed Song	36
Foolish Song	30
Ford Song	15
Get Together Song	8
Good Bye My Lover	51
Grasshopper Song	40
Gymnastic Relief	22
Hail, Hail	1
Here's To Brother	2
Ho! For the Slum	47
Ice Song	49
Illinois	70
I Love To Tell the Story	77
I'm a Villain	24
In the Blue Ridge Mountains	54
In the Garden	75
It Isn't Any Trouble	21
I Want My Neckties Wild	79
John Jacob Jingleheimer Smith	57
Kill the Noise	5
Knot Hole Song	11
Levee Song	69
Leave Me With a Smile	52
Li'l Liza Jane	67
Long Green Worm	45
Long, Long Nail	53
Long, Long Trail (Camp Version)	66
Lost Leg	20
Long Tailed Cat	48
Moldy Mary	17
Morning Song	72
Musical Donkey	58
My Mother Gave Me a Nickel	43

	No.
My Old Massarum	56
Now the Day Is Over	83
Old Bill Jones	38
Old Family Tooth Brush	14
Old Scout's Memory	55
Onward Christian Soldiers	78
Out the Window	34
Owasippe's the Place For Me	62
Pack Up Your Duffle	46
Rah, Rah, Rah for Camp	61
Remember	60
Round My Heart	63
Sea Scout Chanty	6
Scout Laws In Song	7
Scout Prayer Song	81
Scout Vesper Song	74
Shade of The Green Apple Tree	41
Sinker Song	4
Somebody	76
Soup Song	44
Spring Song	26
Strange English	42
Taps	84
'Till We Meet Again	73
Tipperary	59
There's a Hole in the Sea	10
There Are Smiles	23
Three Blue Pigeons	13
Three Good Turns	9
Three Hungry Fishermen	33
Tree Toad	12
Trek Cart Song	3
Thinnest Man	16
Wish I Were a Little Rock	18
Wuzzy Wuzzy	19
Yes, There Is Rest	39

1.

HAIL! HAIL!

Hail, hail, the gang's all here,
Never mind the weather,
Here we are together,
Hail, hail, the gang's all here—
Let the trouble start **right now!**

Rejoice, Rejoice, the multitude's assembled,
Why should we concern ourselves?
Why should we concern ourselves?
Rejoice, Rejoice, the multitude's assembled,
Why should we concern ourselves now?

SOUP!

Soup! Soup! We all want soup,
Tip your bowl and drain it,
Let your whiskers strain it—
Hark! Hark! the funny noise
Listen to the gurgling boys!

PIE!

Pie! Pie! We all want pie,
Cocoanut and cherry,
Peach and huckleberry
Mince pie is mighty fine
That's the way we want to dine!

2.

HERE'S TO BROTHER _____

(Tune: "Ach Du Lieber Augustine")

Here's to Brother ____ Brother ____ Brother ____
Here's to Brother ____ He's with us tonight.
God bless him, he needs it,
God bless him, he needs it,
Here's to Brother ____ He's with us tonight.

3.

TREK CART SONG

(Tune: Artillery Song).

Over hill, over dale,
As we hit the river trail,
And the trek cart goes rolling along.
In and out, hear them shout,
Gee! I'm glad that I'm a Scout—
And the trek cart goes rolling along.

(Chorus)

Then hi-hi-hee; It's the life for me,
Start the day and end it with a song;

Where'er you go, you will always know
That our trek cart goes rolling along—
(keep it rolling)
That our trek cart goes rolling along.

Round the fire, falls the night
Skies are dark but hearts are light,
For we're far from the sound of the throng,
Scouts around, on the ground,
Listen to the merry sound,
For we've all brought our voices along.

Fire's out, tired Scout,
Haven't got the pep to shout,
Call to quarters, you know what to do,
Hear that call, good night all,
That's the call that beats them all,
Taps is sounding, so good night to you.

4.

SINKER SONG

'Round his neck he wears a sinker ribbon,
He wears it when in swimming, and he wears it
through the day,
And if you ask him, "Why the decoration?"
He'll say, "Why I'm a sinker and must swim the
thing away."

Sink 'r swim (wade right in!)
Sink 'r swim (wade right in!)

He is going to swim that fifty yards some day—
'Round his neck he wears a sinker ribbon,
For he's a little sinker and must swim the thing
away.

'Round his neck you miss that sinker ribbon,
You miss it when he's swimming, and you miss it
out at play,
And if you ask him, "Where's the decoration?"
He shouts, "Why I'm a swimmer and have swum the
thing away."

Dive and swim (plunge right in!)
Dive and swim (plunge right in!)

The sinker's gone from off his neck to stay;
'Round his neck you miss that sinker ribbon,
For now the boy's a swimmer and he's swum the
thing away.

5.

KILL THE NOISE

(Tune: "Illinois").

When we're standing at inspection, kill the noise,
 kill the noise,
 My complexion ain't perfection, kill the noise, kill
 the noise,
 If we do this quietly, p'haps his nibs will pass by me,
 That would suit me don't you see, so kill the noise,
 kill the noise—
 I am asking of thee—**just becoise!**

When we're listening to the roll call, kill the noise,
 kill the noise,
 We have got to stand for roll call, kill the noise,
 kill the noise—
 I'm as happy as can be, I forget that I am me—
 What's my name now, let me see, oh, what's it boys,
 what's it boys,
 I am asking it of thee—**just becoise!**

When my cooking test I'm taking, kill the noise,
 kill the noise,
 Can't you see my hand is shaking, stay back boys,
 stay back boys,
 You just concentrate on me, cooking eggs is
 jugglery—
 Listen to my earnest plea and stay back boys, stay
 back boys—
 I am asking it of thee—**just becoise!**

When we start upon a hike, please kill the noise,
 kill the noise,
 Pass the word to Bill and Mike to kill the noise,
 kill the noise,
 All of what's below the knee has to move the rest
 of me,
 Seems to work quite loose and free, so kill the
 noise, kill the noise
 I am asking it of thee—**just becoise!**

When I'm in my tent and sleeping, kill the noise,
 kill the noise,
 Can the chatter, laughs and weeping, will you boys,
 will you boys?
 This old bunk looks good to me, and unconscious I
 would be,
 Listen to my earnest plea and kill the noise, kill the
 noise—
 I am asking it of thee—**just becoise!**

6.

A SEA SCOUT CHANTEY

A ship is wood and metal,
 Is metal, rigging and sail;
 She's but an iron kettle,
 When hearts aboard of her fail.
 To my way, ay and yea, ay,
 We're bound away for many a day;
 A Sea Scout's a good Scout,
 So give us our sea-way.

The heart of ships is red blood,
 Is red blood, never a doubt!
 And wood and iron useless,
 Without the heart of a Scout.

Our ship is what we make her,
 We make her, saucy and smart;
 No blust'ring wind shall break her,
 While we are all of a heart.

7.

SCOUT LAWS IN SONG

(Tune: "Yankee Doodle")

TRUSTY Tommuv was a scout,
 LOYAL to his mother,
 HELPFUL to the folks about,
 And FRIENDLY to his brother.

Chorus: Tra la la, etc.
 COURTEOUS to the girl he knew,
 And KIND unto his rabbits,
 OBEDIENT to his father, too;
 And CHEERFUL in his habits.

Chorus: Tra la la, etc.
 THRIFTY, saving for a need,
 BRAVE and not a faker,
 CLEAN in thought and word and deed
 And REVERENT to his maker.

8.

GET TOGETHER SONG. Um-pah

The more we get together, together, together,
 The more we get together, the happier we'll be.
 For your friends are my friends,
 And my friends are your friends,
 And the more we get together,
 The happier we'll be.

THREE GOOD TURNS

A Boy-Scout hiked with careless stride
 Along a dusty road,
 When out from a tree there hopped with glee
 A big, fat, husky toad.
 Says the toad to the Scout: "Hello, my lad,
 Where are you headed for?"
 "I'm on my seven-mile hike," says he,
 "And I've only one mile more."

Hike along, hike along,
 Hike along with stride so free;
 But when you see an old black bear,
 Just let that old bear be.

"What have you done while on this hike?"
 Says the old fat toad, says he:
 "I've had some fun and I've eat a bun.
 "And I've done my good turns three."
 "What are those three good turns, my Scout?"
 Says the old fat toad, says he:
 "Well, I helped a man to catch a cow
 And I found a lost baby."

"That's only two," says the old fat toad,
 "And you say that you've done three;"
 "Well, wait awhile, till I get my breath,"
 Says the Second-Class Scout, says he:
 "As I went up the mountain side,
 I spied a tall oak tree,
 And up on the top was a big black bear
 A-looking down at me."

"And I thought to myself when I spied that bear
 What an awful shame 'twould be
 If I disturbed that big black bear
 A-looking down at me.
 So I turned around and piked right down
 And I let that old bear be;
 And that good turn with the other two,
 Just make the good turns three."

10.

THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM
OF THE SEA.

There's a hole in the bottom of the sea.
 Repeat.

KNOT HOLE

We were looking through the knot-hole in
 father's wooden leg;
 Oh, who will wind the clocks when we are
 gone?
 Go get an axe, there's a fly on baby's bean—
 A boy's best friend is his mother—his mother!
 Out of the window, the second story window
 I stubbed my eyebrow on the window sill;
 I fell on the train, I hope it will not rain—
 A boy's best friend is his mother!

She had a wooden leg, used thumb-tacks
 for garters,
 An onion is a husky vegetable;
 Oh, who stole the sleeves out of dear old
 daddy's vest
 And dug up Willie's grave to make a sewer—
 a sewer!

She hit him with a shingle, and made his
 panties tingle
 Because he socked his little baby brother;
 A snake's belt always slips because he has
 no hips—
 His waist-line comes just below his necktie—
 his necktie!

12.

THE TREE TOAD
("Auld Lang Syne").

A tree toad loved a she toad
 That lived up in a tree;
 She was a 3-toed tree toad,
 But a 2-toed toad was he;
 The 2-toed tree toad tried to win
 The she toad's friendly nod;
 For the 2-toed tree toad loved the ground
 That the 3-toed tree toad trod.

Now three-toed tree toads have no care
 For two-toed tree toad love;
 But the gallant tree toad fain would share
 A tree 'bode up above;
 But vainly the two-toed tree toad tried
 He couldn't please her whim;
 In her tree toad bower with her veto power,
 The she toad vetoed him!

13.

THREE BLUE PIGEONS

Three blue pigeons
Three blue pigeons
Three blue pigeons sitting on the wall.
"Oh look! One flew away." **Groan.**

Two blue pigeons
Two blue pigeons
Two blue pigeons sitting on the wall.
"Oh look! It flew away." **Groan.**

One blue pigeon
One blue pigeon
One blue pigeon sitting on the wall.
"Oh look! Another flew away." **Groan.**

"Oh look! One came back." **Hurrah.**

One blue pigeon
One blue pigeon
One blue pigeon sitting on the wall.
"Oh look! Another came back." **Hurrah.**

Two blue pigeons
Two blue pigeons
Two blue pigeons sitting on the wall.
"Oh look! Another came back." **Hurrah.**

Three blue pigeons
Three blue pigeons
Three blue pigeons sitting on the wall.
"Oh look! Another came back." **Hurrah.**

14.

THE OLD FAMILY TOOTH BRUSH

The old family toothbrush,
The old family toothbrush,
The old family toothbrush.
We all loved so well.

At first it was mother's,
And then it was brother's,
And then it was sister's,
And now it is mine.

Chorus:

The old family toothbrush,
The bone-handled toothbrush,
The bald-headed toothbrush
That hangs by the sink.

15.

FORD SONG

There was a little Ford, the cutest little Ford, the
cutest little Ford you ever did see.
The Ford was on the wheels,
The wheels were on the ground
And the engine in the Ford made the wheels go
round.

And on this Ford there was a little seat
The cutest little seat you ever did see
The seat was on the Ford
The Ford was on the wheels,
The wheels were on the ground
And the engine in the Ford made the wheels go
round.

Etc. with girl
hat
feather
flea
wart
freckle, hair, curl, drop of water.

16.

THE THINNEST MAN

The thinnest man I ever knew
Was a man from old Hoboken—
And when I tell you how thin he was,
You'll think that I am jokin',
He was thin as the glue on a postage stamp
Or the skin of a new potato,
For exercise he used to dive,
Through the holes of a nutmeg grater.

Chorus:

Oh, me! Oh, My! he was the thinnest man,—
Thin as the soup in a boarding house,
And the skin of a soft-shell clam;
Oh, me! Oh, my! he often lost his breath
He fell through a hole in the seat of his pants
And choked himself to death!

He never went out on a dark, dark night,
He never went out alone,
For fear some lean and hungry dog,
Would take him for a bone;
He was sitting one night in a boarding house
The lights were burning dimly
A mosquito grabbed him by the neck
And jerked him up the chimney!

17.

MOLDY MARY

Out by the prairie there lives a girl who's all the
world to me,
She takes morphine and gumdrops in her tea;
And when I'm crusty and old and bald I'll love but
her alone,
Dear Old Moldy Mary MacMahone.

(Chorus)

The jolly old crawdad's life is the life for me,
No matter how damp he be,
He's always at home you see;
But the crawdad has no telephone
To talk to Moldy Mary MacMahone. **WOW!**

"Fireman, fireman, save my child," the lovely
lady cried,
"I sure love kids but I do not like 'em fried!"
Up the old ladder the hero rushed with all his
might and main
He warmed his hands and rushed right down again.

(Chorus)

The merry old fireman's life is the life for me;
He acts so heroically,
No matter how warm he be;
But the fireman he has never known
A girl like Moldy Mary MacMahone. **WOW!**

The wind has risen a foot or two,
The rain is falling down—
It falls in that direction in this town;
The frost it covers the window,
And it gives the window pain—
I wish that I were blind so I could have a cane.

(Chorus)

The bully old blindman's life is the life for me—
With a little cup on his knee,
Where pennies fall fast and free;
But the blindman he has never known
The look of Moldy Mary MacMahone. **WOW!**

18

WISH I WERE A LITTLE ROCK

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")
I wish I were a little rock
A-sitting on a hill,

A-doing nothing all day long,
But just a-sitting still;
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep
I wouldn't even wash;
I'd just sit there a thousand years,
And rest myself b'gosh!

I wish I were a little egg,
Away up in a tree;
I wish I were a little egg,
As bad as bad could be!
I wish a naughty little boy
Would climb up after me,
And then I'd up and bust myself,
And cover him with me!

19.

WUZZY WUZZY

There was an old guy, all covered with hair,
Lived in a cave like a grizzly bear,
Fooling people was his game,
Wuzzy, Wuzzy was the old guy's name!

Chorus:

Wuzzy, Wuzzy was a wise old guy,
Nose like a hawk and eagle eye,
Fooling people was his game,
Wuzzy, Wuzzy was the old guy's name!

There was a Scout by the name of Jack,
Pitched his tent on the railroad track,
And then a train came around the bend,
What kind of flowers are you going to send?

The sheriff came along one day,
Thought he'd take old Wuz away,
A big black bear met him at the door
The sheriff ain't been seen no more.

He had a dog as skinny as a rail,
It had fleas all over its tail;
Every time the tail would flop,
Fleas on the bottom would jump on top.

Bought a suit of underwear,
It is some suit I do declare,
Worn it six months without exaggeration,
Can't get it off, 'cause I lost the combination.

THE LOST LEG

(Tune: "Three Good Turns")

Said a thousand-legged worm as he gave a mighty squirm,

"Has anybody seen a leg of mine?

If it can't be found I shall have to hobble 'round

On the other nine hundred ninety-nine.

I counted them all going to bed last night—

A life-long habit of mine—

I have lost a limb, and I'm looking for him

With the other nine hundred ninety-nine.

Chorus:

Hike along, hike along,

Hike along with astride so free—

But when you see my other leg

Just let my lost leg be!

I went into a department store

To buy my feet some shoes,

Said I to the clerk: "Now get to work

And don't you dare refuse!"

I had a thousand feet to fit

On a thousand legs so fine,

But I've lost one leg, and I want a peg

And shoes nine hundred ninety-nine.

IT ISN'T ANY TROUBLE

(Tune: John Brown's Body)

It isn't any trouble to L-A-U-G-H

It isn't any trouble just to L-A-U-G-H

If you're in any trouble it will vanish like a bubble

If you'll only take the trouble to L-A-U-G-H.

It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E

It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E

If you're in any trouble it will vanish like a bubble

If you'll only take the trouble to S-M-I-L-E.

It isn't any trouble just to G-R-I-N

It isn't any trouble just to G-R-I-N

If you're in any trouble it will vanish like a bubble

If you'll only take the trouble to G-R-I-N.

It isn't any trouble just to HA- HA- HA- HA-HA

It isn't any trouble just to HA- HA- HA- HA-HA

If you're in any trouble it will vanish like a bubble

If you'll only take the trouble to HA-HA-HA-HA.

GYMNASTIC RELIEF

(Tune: "Till We Meet Again")

Smile awhile and give your face a rest,

(All smile)

Stretch awhile and ease your manly chest.

(Extend arms to side)

Reach your hands up to the sky

(Extend arms above head)

While you watch them with your eye.

(Heads up)

Jump awhile and shake a leg there, sir,

(Jump lively)

Now step forward, backward, as you were;

(Step back and forth)

Then reach right out to some one near

(Shake hands with party to right)

Shake his hand and smile

(All smile.)

THERE ARE SMILES

There are smiles in old Virginia,

There are smiles in Idaho,

And you'll find them down in dear old Georgia,

And in every part of Ohio;

There are miles of smiles in Massachusetts,

And in Michigan and Tennessee;

But the smiles you find in our Chicago

Are the smiles that look good to me.

I'M A VILLAIN

I'm a villain,

A dirty little villain

I leave a trail of blood where'er I go.

I take delight

In stirring up a fight

And pounding little babies on the head

'Till their dead.

AH haaaaaaah.

And I have gotten

A rep for being rotten

I put poison in my mother's shredded wheat.

I put a smudgeon

On the family scudgeon

Meat (sniff sniff)) Raw meat.

25.

BELLY ACHE SONG

Willie ate some oysters,
Willie ate some ham,
Willie ate some string beans,
Willie ate some jam;
Willie ate some ice cream
Willie ate some cake,
Then Willie wondered,
What made his belly ache.

Chorus:

UP came the oysters,
UP came the ham,
UP came the string beans
Into the pan.
UP came the ice cream
UP came the cake,
Then poor Willie knew
What made his belly ache!

Willie ate some Hersheys,
Then he drank some dew,
Ten or twelve marshmallows—
Appetite it grew;
Ate a big Oh! Henry,
Willie's nearly fed,
Do him a good turn,
And put him right to bed.

Chorus:

UP came the Hersheys,
UP came the dew,
UP the marshmallows,
Yes, they came, too—
UP came OH! Henry,
Fit to be tied—
He won't thank poor Willie,
For the little ride!

26.

SPRING SONG

(Just Before the Battle Mother)

Spring would be but dreary weather,
Had we nothing else but Spring.

Repeat.

Scouts would make this old world better,
If we only had more scouts.

Repeat.

27.

THE BILLBOARD

As I was walking down the street
A billboard met my eye;
The advertisements on it
Would make you laugh and cry,
The wind and rain had come that day
And washed those signs away,
And what remained of what was there
Made that old billboard say!

Come—Smoke a Coco-Cola,
Chew catsup cigarettes,
See Lillian Russell wrestle
A box of Cascarets,
Pork and Beans will meet tonight
To have a finish fight,
Chauncey Depew will lecture on
Sapolio tonight.

Chew Wrigley's for that headache,
Take Camels for that cough;
There's going to be a swimming meet
In the village watering trough,
Buy a case of Dunsen's beer,
It's good for any cough,
Shinola is to curl the hair
And not to take it off.

28.

ALLOUETTE

All—Allouette, Gentille Allouette
Allouette He te' Plumare
Leader—Je te plumare le tete
Crowd—Je te plumare le tete
Leader—Et le tete
Crowd—Et le tete
Leader—Allouette
Crowd—Allouette
All—O, Allouette, gentille Allouette
Allouette, je te' Plumare.
—et le cou
—et le ju
—et le tres
—et le dos
—et le pattes
—et le flane
—et le portrine
—et le corps

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,
Lived a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine.

Chorus:

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling, oh, my darling
Clementine,
Thou art lost and gone forever, dreful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a feather and her shoes were
number nine,
Herring boxes minus topses, sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water, every morning
just at nine,
Stubbed her toe upon a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

Then the Boy Scouts to the rescue threw a lanky
piece of pine,
But she sank before it reached her so I lost my Clementine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft
and fine,
But, alas, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

In the grave yard, in the grave yard, where the
laurel wreaths entwine,
There are roses and other posies fertilized by Clementine.

In my dreams now oft I see her, with her clothes
all soaked in brine,
While in life I used to hug her, now she's dead, I
draw the line.

Then the miner, forty-niner, he began to peak and
pine,
Thot he'd oughter join his daughter, now he's with
my Clementine.

FOOLISH SONG—(A Medley—Tunes Indicated)

(John Brown's Body)

Listen to this foolish song,
I'm singing it for thee;
I can't stand the way it tickles
When it's bottled up in me.
I have simply got to sing it
Or 'twill make a wreck of me—
And this is how it goes:

Chorus:

Da de, da de, da de, da da,
Da de, da de, da de, da da,
Da de, da de, da de, da da,
Gee! ain't this music grand?

(My Bonny)

My bonnie is back from Topeka,
My bonnie's as thin as can be;
I love to hear every joint squeaka,
She's musical and she loves me.

(Tenting Tonight)

We're tenting tonight on the old wet ground,
Give us some quinine pills.
There's some consolation, all our fleas are drowned
Give us them quinine pills!

(Sweet Adeline)

Sweet iodine! Sweet iodine!
Gee, how you smart, you don't feel fine;
In all my dreams you hear my screams;
When a feller needs a friend—Sweet Iodine!

(Perfect Day)

Oh, this is the end of a perfect day,
And I'm three more meals to the good;
They're square ones I'm sure, and I know I'm right,
There's a corner of one in sight.
Oh, look what the end of a perfect day
Has done to my uniform;
If this is the end of a perfect day
I will welcome this here night!

THE DARKEY SUNDAY SCHOOL

1. The world was made in six days and finished on the seventh,
According to the contract, it should have taken eleven.
The carpenter got drunk and the mason wouldn't work,
So the easiest thing to do was to fill it up with dirt.

Chorus:

- Old folks, young folks, everybody come,
Join the darky Sunday School and make yourself to home.
Place to check your chewing gum and razors at the door,
And you'll hear some Bible stories that you never heard before.
2. Adam was the first guy, Eve was his espoused,
They didn't much like farming, so they took to keeping house,
Life was an easy one, 'twas loafing in the main,
Till Eve got a baby boy and took to raising Cain.
 3. Noah was a sailor, the greatest one afloat,
Got a job as captain on a river cattle boat.
Got a whole menagerie, stored it in the hold below,
And sold it to Ringling Brothers for the World's greatest show.
 4. Esau was a cow-boy of the wild and wooly make,
His father left him half a ranch and half to Brother Jake.
I guess he thought the title to it wasn't very clear,
So he sold share to Jakie for a sandwich and a beer.

5. Solomon was a wise guy, made a pile of cash,
Queen of Sheba came along and Solomon made a mash,
Guess he thought the royal game was rather underpaid,
So he took to writin' Proverbs, though he was a king by trade.
6. Samson was a strong guy of the John L. Sullivan school,
He slew the bad Philistines, with the jaw bone of a mule,
Chickened named Delilah, she filled him full of gin,
Till he pushed the temple over and the coppers run him in.
7. David was a scrapper, a plucky little cuss,
Along came Goliath, a-looking for a fuss,
David saw he'd either have to scrap or bite the dust,
So he picked up a rock and he caved in his crust.
8. Daniels was a fearless guy, who wouldn't mind the king,
The king said he wouldn't stand for any such a thing,
He chucked him down a man-hole, with lions underneath,
But Daniel was a dentist and he pulled the lion's teeth.
9. Noah was the keeper of the Asiatic Zoo,
He built an ocean liner when he hadn't much to do.
One day he got excited when the sky was getting dark,
So he gathered all the animals and put them in an ark.
10. It rained for forty days and it rained for forty nights,
The rain washed the land, completely out of sight.
But when Noah was a-wondering as to what he'd better do,
The ark hit Mt. Ararat and stuck as tight as glue.

THE DUMMY LINE

A horse and a flea and three blind mice
Went out in the barn to shake a game of dice;
The horse fell down upon the flea,
And the flea cried, "Help! that's a horse on me!"

Chorus:

Riding on the dummy, on the dummy-dummy line,
Rain or shine, I'll pay my fine,
Rain or shine, I'll pay my fine—
Riding on the dummy, on the dummy-dummy line.

Once there was a doctor by the name of Beck,
He fell down a well, and broke his neck;
Served him right, as you will all own,
He should have served the sick and let the well alone!

I wanted some fish so I bought a smelt,
I put him in the pan and the fire he felt;
Of all the smelt I ever smelt,
I never smelt a smelt like that smelt smelt.

A man fell in a coal hole, he made an awful holler,
He sued for ten thousand and he got every dollar;
Thot I'd try it, fell in the same hole,
And they gave me thirty days for stealing coal!

When a man's single, he's an awful flirt,
He hasn't got a button to sew on his shirt;
When a man's married, he's sure done gone,
He hasn't got a short to sew a button on.

I bought a combination suit of underwear,
To keep out the cold and the chizzily air;
I wore it six months without hesitation,
But I couldn't get it off, 'cause I'd lost the combination.

Poor little wienie, died by the fireside,
Raised quite a row in a little boy's insides;
Should have been well-done instead of half fried;
That's why the little boy just about half died.

Three little niggers one stormy night,
Tried to go to Heaven on the tail of a kite;
Kite-tail broke and down they fell,
Instead of going to Heaven they went to Cuba.

A conductor swallowed a nickel one day,
It drove him crazy, so they say,
I'll tell you what all the trouble was about,
He was a nickel in, and a nickel out.

Bouncing around from side to side,
Plenty of motion, but not enough glide;
Slam on the brakes and let 'er slide—
Riding in a flivver with the throttle open wide.

THREE HUNGRY FISHERMEN

There were three hungry fishermen,
There were three hungry fishermen,
Fisher, Fisher, Men, Men, Men,
Fisher, Fisher, Men, Men, Men,
There were three hungry fishermen.

The first one's name was Abraham,
The first one's name was Abraham,
Abra, Abra, Ham, Ham, Ham,
Abra, Abra, Ham, Ham, Ham,
The first one's name was Abraham.

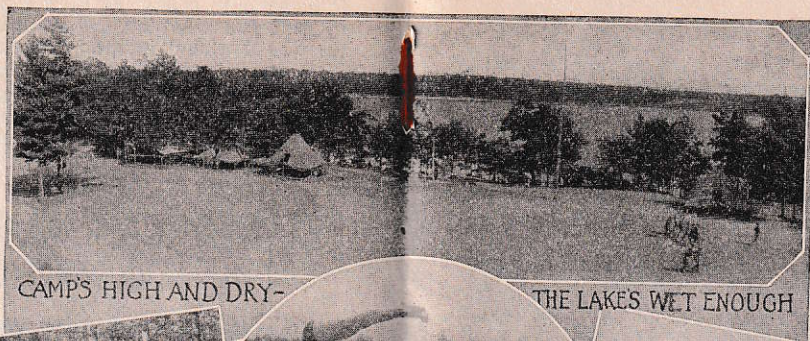
The second one's name was I-Isaac,
The second one's name was I-Isaac,
I-I-I-I-zik, zik, zik,
I-I-I-I-zik, zik, zik,
The second one's name was I-Isaac.

The third one's name was Ja-acob,
The third one's name was Ja-acob,
Ja-a-a-a-cub, cub, cub,
Ja-a-a-a-cub, cub, cub,
The third one's name was Ja-acob.

They all went down to Jerico,
They all went down to Jerico,
Jerry, Jerry, Co, Co, Co,
Jerry, Jerry, Co, Co, Co,
They all went down to Jerico.

They wished they'd gone to Amsterdam,
They wished they'd gone to Amsterdam,
Amster, Amster, sh, sh, sh,
Amster, Amster, sh, sh, sh,
They wished they'd have gone to Amsterdam.

**HIKES
TRAILS
FUN**



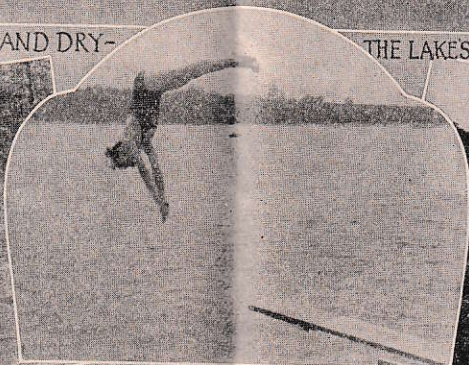
CAMP'S HIGH AND DRY-

THE LAKES WET ENOUGH

**SWIMS
GAMES
EATS**



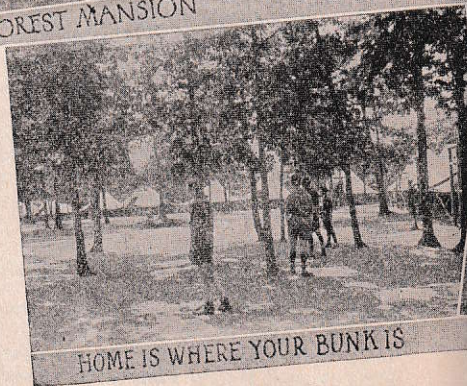
A FOREST MANSION



"UP IN THE AIR"



FROM THE LOOKOUT



HOME IS WHERE YOUR BUNK IS



A POPULAR PLACE AT MEAL-TIMES

SEE YOU AT CAMP OWASIPPE

OUT THE WINDOW

1.

Old King Cole was a merry old Soul
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And threw them out the window.

Chorus:

The window, the window, he threw them out the
window,
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl
and threw them out the window.

2.

Jack and Gill went up the hill
To get a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And threw it out the window.

Chorus:

The window, the window, he threw it out the win-
dow,
Jack fell down and broke his crown and threw it out
the window.

3.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone,
But when she got there the cupboard was bare
And she threw it out the window.

Chorus:

The window, the window, she threw it out the win-
dow,
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare and
she threw it out the window.

4.

Little Jack Horner, sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum
And threw it out the window.

Chorus:

The window, the window, he threw it out the win-
dow,
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, and
threw it out the window.

Old Jack Slat could eat no fat, his wife could eat
no lean,
And so together the plate they cleaned,
And threw it out the window.

Chorus:

The window, the window, they threw it out the win-
dow,
And so together the plate they cleaned and threw
it out the window.

6.

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow,
It followed her to school one day,
And she threw it out the window,

Chorus:

The window, the window, she threw it out the win-
dow,
It followed her to school one day, and she threw it
out the window.

THE CLIMATE

We sing of the Polar bear, fearless and bold,
He never feels hot and he never feels cold,
Because where he lives summer never occurs,
And the rest of the year he wears plenty of furs.

Too-ra-lee,

Too-ra-lay,

And the rest of the year he wears plenty of furs.

The Crocodile lives in the tropical belt,
And neither the cold nor the heat ever felt,
Because in the winter his summers begin,
And the rest of the year he wears crocodile skin.

Too-ra-lee,

Too-ra-lay,

And the rest of the year he wears crocodile skin.

Now we poor unfortunates live in a clime
That calls for at least three full suits at a time.
A thick and a thin one for days cold and hot,
And a medium-weight for the days that are not.

Too-ra-lee,

Too-ra-lay,

And a medium-weight for the days that are not.

FEATHER BED SONG

1. Oh, Mary had a little lamb,
The story is not new,
But what became of the loving beast,
Is known to very few.

Chorus:

There is rest, there is rest,
In a feather bed, in a feather bed;
There is rest, there is rest
In a feather bed, I'll say there's rest, sweet
rest.

2. Well, Mary went with Willie, once,
To the Mountain House cafe,
She said she'd like a bite to eat,
Before she runned away.
3. She sittid in a great big chair,
She shutted up her eyes,
And when she opened them again,
She findid a surprise.
4. Then Mary had her little lamb,
With green peas on the side;
The bill was seven dollars,
Little Willie nearly died.
5. So Mary felt a little sad,
And what do you suppose?
She got her bag, took out a rag
And powdered up her nose.
6. Oh, some folks say that fleas are black,
But I don't think it's so,
For Mary had a little lamb
With fleas as white as snow.
7. I always like to take a hike,
For when I move around,
I only have to lift my feet
And put them on the ground.
8. The happiest thing and the freest thing
That a man may hope to see
Is the shining face of a tenderfoot,
'Way up in an apple tree.

9. A Sea-Scout in a knockabout,
Went sailing down the bay,
With his sheets and tacks and a couple of Jacks
He whiled the hours away.
10. They sing about that little lamb
In every foreign tongue,
The Hottentot with his old top-knot
And the Chinees with one lung.
11. One gollee named Mollee hadeesheepee,
Fleecees samee whitee snow;
Ellee wellee Mollee gollee walkee,
Ba Ba hoppee long too.

CASEY JONES

Casey Jones is a first-class Scout;
Casey always knows what Casey is about;
Lives out in the open all the time he can
And cooks flap-jacks without a frying pan.

Chorus:

Casey Jones, always gay and always happy,
Casey Jones, wise as he can be;
Casey Jones, always bright and always snappy,
Bound to be a credit to his family!

Keeps the laws from the first to the last,
Runs just like a rabbit that is going fast;
Wise in camp and trailing as a scout should be,
Oh Casey Jones is the boy for me.

Casey Jones knows the signal code,
Knows his way in places where there is no road;
Does his good turn daily with a smile of cheer
And keeps his eyes and his conscience clear.

Casey Jones knows the way to camp,
How to pack his outfit for a good long tramp;
Has a head that's steady and a kit that's good
And uses both as a boy-scout should.

OLD BILL JONES

Old Bill Jones, he was a desperado,
Way down in Cripple Creek, a town in Colorado;
And he hit that town like a whole tornado,
Every time he yelled he gave a war WHOOP!

YES, THERE IS REST

1. Oh, Mary had a little lamb,
She swallowed it one day,
And now she's eating shredded wheat,
To feed the lamb some hay.

Chorus:

Oh, yes there is rest, yes, there is rest,
In a sailor's bunk, there's rest, sweet rest.

2. An old maid by the sewer stood,
And by the sewer she died,
And at the coroner's inquest,
They called it suicide.
3. Johnny went to church one day,
He climbed up in the steeple,
He took his shoes and stockings off
And threw them at the people.
4. Oh, _____ is our bugler,
He bugles very well;
But when he bugles reveille
We wish he were in bed.
5. A bum stood by the river side
He didn't have a bed,
So he took a sheet of water
And pulled it o'er his head.
6. The firefly is a funny bug,
He hasn't any mind;
He travels all the way thru life
With his head-light on behind.
7. Oh, Johnny had a bicycle,
He rode it very well,
He rode it into a telegraph pole
And the rest I hate to tell.
8. Oh, Johnny hopped a train one day,
He hopped it on the fly;
But now he's hopping all the time,
For he is one leg shy.
9. Mary had a little goat,
Its feet were black as ink,
It chewed the paper off the wall,
And spit it in the sink.

10. The Ford it has no engine,
It shrieks and groans with pain;
Its wheels they run in different ways,
But it gets there just the same.
11. The skeeter likes a hairless man,
With him he's quite at home;
No better pasture can be found
Than on a bald man's dome.

GRASSHOPPER SONG

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

One grasshopper jumped right over the other grass-
hopper's back,
One grasshopper jumped right over the other grass-
hopper's back,
One grasshopper jumped right over the other grass-
hopper's back,
AS one grasshopper jumped right over the other
grasshopper's back.

Chorus:

They were only playing leapfrog,
They were only playing leapfrog,
They were only playing leapfrog,
As one grasshopper jumped right over the other
grasshopper's back.

(Repeat—"Two grasshoppers—" etc.)

IN THE SHADE OF THE GREEN APPLE TREE

In the shade of the green apple tree,
Where the juicy green fruit I could see,
How little I thought, when those apples I sought,
What those green things would do inside me.
I can feel the sharp cramps in me yet,
And they'll stay there a week you can bet;
Oh, doctor, come do, I've been waiting for you,
In the shade of the green apple tree.

'Neath the crust of the old apple pie,
There is something for you and for I.
It may be a pin that the cook just dropped in,
Or it may be a cute little fly.
It may be an old rusty nail,
Or the end of a pussy cat's tail,
But whatever it be, it's for you and for me,
'Neath the crust of the old apple pie.

STRANGE ENGLISH

Do ships have eyes when they go to sea?
 Are there springs in the ocean bed?
 Does jolly tar flow from a tree,
 Can a river ever lose its head?
 Are fishes crazy when they go in seine?
 Can an old hen sing her lay?
 Can you give relief to a window pane?
 Can you mend the break of day?

What vegetable is a policeman's beat?
 Is a newspaper white when it's red?
 Is a baker broke when he's making dough?
 Is an undertaker's business dead?
 Would a wall-paper store make a good hotel
 Because of the borders there?
 Would you paint a rabbit on a bald man's head
 Just to give him a little hare?

Would you give a policeman a silver coin
 For a nickel is made for a copper?
 If a grass widow married a grass widower,
 Would the children all be grasshoppers?
 If you ate a square meal would the corners hurt?
 Can you dig with the ace of spades?
 Would you throw a rope to a drowning lemon
 Just to give a lemon-ade?

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
 Or a key for a lock of his hair?
 Can his eyes be called an academy
 Because of the pupils there?
 In the crown of his head what gems are set?
 Who travels the bridge of his nose?
 Can he use, in shingling the roof of his mouth,
 The nails in the end of his toes?

What can he raise from a slip of his tongue?
 Who plays on the drums of his ears?
 And who can tell the cut and style
 Of the coat of tan he wears.
 Can the crook of his elbow be put in jail,
 If so, what did it do?
 How can he sharpen his shoulder blades?
 I'll be durned if I know, do you?

MY MOTHER GAVE ME A NICKEL

My mother gave me a nickel to buy a pickle,
 I did not buy no pickle, I bought some chew-gum.
 Chew, chew, chew, chew, chew, chew-gum,
 Chew, chew, chew, chew-gum, etc.

- (2nd) My mother gave me a dime to buy a lime,
 etc.
 (3rd) My mother gave me a quarter to tip the
 porter, etc.
 (4th) My mother gave me a dollar to buy a col-
 lar, etc.

SOUP SONG

(Tune: "Smiles")

There is soup that's made of string beans,
 There is soup that's made of peas,
 There is soup with carrots and potatoes,
 There is onion soup with grated cheese;
 There is soup with good old rice and chicken
 That is very, very hard to beat;
 But the soup with miles and miles of noodles
 Is the noisiest soup to eat!
 (Repeat, dropping the word "soup" each time)

THAT LONG GREEN WORM

There's a long, green worm a-winding
 Upon the roof of my tent;
 And the bugler's sounding first call
 So it's time I went;
 There's a cold, cold plunge a'waiting
 When I take my morning dip,
 And when I return, I'll find that worm
 Upon my pillow slip!

PACK UP YOUR DUFFLE.

Pack up your duffle in your old scout kit, and hike,
 hike, hike,
 Sunshine or rain pours, scouts don't mind a bit;
 hike, boys, down the pike.
 What's the use of worrying, a scout is always fit, so
 Pack up your duffle in your old scout kit,
 And hike, hike, hike!

HO, FOR THE SLUM!

When you've hiked a half hundred miles and your
legs begin to shake,
When your stomach caves together with an awful
empty ache,
When you pull up by the campfire in the evening
with your chum,
There's nothing does the business like a pot of
steaming slum!

Chorus:

Ho, for the slum, boys! Mulligan tra la la la,
It sticks to your ribs, boys, tra la la la la la la la
la la,
Throw in a hunk of bacon and the laces from your
shoe,
A bottle of sarsaparilla and a pound or so of glue,
Rice and bread and breakfast food, a cherry and a
plum,
Season it with castor oil and you'll have a bully
slum!

I stepped into a restaurant, it was a stylish place,
A pompous waiter came to me with whiskers on his
face,
Said he, "What will you have, sir?" Said I, "You
keep it mum,
And tell your cook to stir me up a barrel or two
of slum!"

Chorus:

Ho, for the slum, boys! Mulligan tra la la la,
It sticks to your ribs, boys, tra la la la la la la la
la la la,
Throw in a chunk of meat, boys, potatoes, cold or
hot,
Grab a piece of switzer cheese and chuck it in the
pot,
Jelly beans and pie crust, prunes and spearmint
gum,
Any old thing that's handy and you'll have a bully
slum!

Some day I will be old, boys, my hair'll be falling
out,
My joints will all be squeaking with the rheumatiz
and gout,

However that may be, boys, the day will never come,
When I fail to do my duty by a pot of boiling slum!

Chorus:

Ho, for the slum, boys! Mulligan tra la la la,
It sticks to your ribs, boys, tra la la la la la la la
la la la,
Throw in a string of fish, boys, and never mind the
scales,
Cabbages, bananas, and a keg of shingle nails,
Flapjacks left from breakfast, and an egg that's on
the bum,
Stir it with a crowbar and you'll have a bully slum!

A LONG TAILED CAT

(Tune: "Long Long Trail")

What a long, long tail our cat's got
And it's all covered with fur,
But it's sure no good to fight with,
And no help to purr;
She can't wag it like a dog does,
Nor give the bad flies a bat,
Don't laugh or sigh, but tell me why,
There's a tail on a long tailed cat.

ICE SONG

John Brown's body lies a'mouldering in the grave;
Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea;
She's my Annie and I'm her Joe;
Listen to my tale of
(Spoken) WOE!!
(Spoken) "Any ice, Lady?"
(Spoken) "NO!!!"
(Spoken) "Giddap!"
(Repeat)

CHICAGO FIRE

("Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight")

One dark night, when we were all in bed,
Old Mother Leary left the lantern in the shed,
And when the cow kicked it over,
She winked her eye and said,
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight."

GOODBYE, MY LOVER, GOODBYE!

Old Noah built himself an ark,
 Goodbye, my lover, goodbye—
 He patched it up with hickory bark,
 Goodbye, my lover, goodbye!

Chorus:

Bye, baby, bye—oh!

What makes you cry so;

Bye, baby, bye—oh!

Goodbye, my lover, goodbye!

(Note: Whistle or hum, repeat choruses)

The animals came in one by one,
 Goodbye, my lover, goodbye—
 The elephant chewing a carroway bun—
 Goodbye, my lover, goodbye!

The animals came in two by two,
 The hippopotamus and the kangaroo.

The animals came in, three by three,
 The monk, the ape, and the chimpanzee.

The animals came in four by four,
 Old Noah shouted, "Shut the door!"

The animals came in six by six,
 Old Noah said "We're in a fix!"

The animals came in seven by seven,
 The boys all thought they were in Heaven.

The animals came in eight by eight,
 Old Noah shouted, "Shut the gate!"

The animals came in nine by nine,
 The old man said, "We're doin' fine!"

The animals came in ten by ten,
 Noah gave up the ghost and cried, "AMEN!"

52.

(Tune: LEAVE ME WITH A SMILE)

Once I went in swimmin'
 Where there were no women,
 And no one to see,
 Bathing suits were loathing,

So I left my clothing
 Underneath a tree,
 I was in the water,
 Bare as Pharoah's daughter,
 Floating down the Nile,
 A tramp was standing there
 And stole my underwear
 And left me with a smile.

53.**THE LONG, LONG NAIL**

There's a long, long nail a'grinding
 Into the sole of my shoe;
 And I think it's run into my foot
 A mile or two;
 There's a long, long hike before me,
 But what I'm thinking about
 Is the time when I can sit me down
 And pull that darn nail out.

54.**IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS**

In the blue ridge mountains of Virginia,
 Stood a cow on the railroad track;
 A nice old cow with eyes so kind,
 But you can't expect a cow to read a railroad sign;
 She stood, in the middle of the track,
 And the train hit her right in the back;
 Now her horn's in the mountains of Virginia,
 And her tail's on the lonesome spine.

55.**THE OLD SCOUT'S MEMORY**

(Tune: "That Old Gang of Mine")

Gee! But I'd give the world to see
 That old troop of mine;
 For in my soul that old patrol
 Will always gleam and shine.
 Goodbye, forever, old tenderfoot days
 Goodbye, forever, you've gone quite a ways
 (God bless you!)
 Gee, but I'd give the world to see
 That old Scout Troop of mine!

56.

MY OLD MASSARUM

My old massarum he bought a horserum,
 He bought a horserum,
 He bought a horserum;
 My old massarum, he bought a horserum,
 'Way down in Alabam.

Chorus (fast)

Here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
 Birds in the wilderness,
 Birds in the wilderness;
 Here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
 'Way down in Alabam.

2

My old massarum, he got a kickerum, etc.

3

My old massarum, he fell sickerum, etc.

4

My old massarum sent for the doctorum, etc.

5

The old doctorum couldn't effect a cureum, etc.

6

My old massarum, he fell deaderum, etc.

57.

JOHN JACOB JINGLEHEIMER SMITH

John Jacob Jingleheimer Smith,
 His name is my name, too.
 Whenever we go out,
 The people always shout,
 "John Jacob Jingleheimer Smith." (repeat)

58.

MUSICAL DONKEY

Loudly sings the donkey as he goes to feed,
 You may not believe it but 'tis true indeed,
 He haw, he haw, he haw, he haw, he haw.
 Loudly sings the donkey as he eats his hay,
 You had better hold him or he'll run away,
 He haw, he haw, he haw, he haw, he haw.

59.

TIPPERARY

It's a long way to Camp Owasisippe,
 But we'll get there, don't fear,

It's a long way to Camp Owasisippe
 To the Boy Scout Camp so dear,
 Good-bye Chicago, farewell, city gay,
 It's a long, long way to Camp Owasisippe
 But we're on our way.

60.

REMEMBER

(Tune: "Remember").

Remember to wash your neck, dear
 Remember to dry your feet;
 Remember and don't get sunburned,
 And remember keep nice and neat,
 Remember! Be very careful
 And never eat too much—
 Remember the things I've told you
 And then, dear, you'll be in Dutch!
 —AND WE'LL REMEMBER YOU!

61.

RAH, RAH, RAH FOR CAMP!

(Tune: "Row, Row, Row Your Boat")

Rah, Rah, Rah for Camp!
 Lift your voices and sing!
 Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
 Make the deep woods ring.

62.

OWASIPPE'S THE PLACE FOR ME

(Tune: "Forty-Nine Miles from Home")

I'm glad that I'm a Scout,
 I'm glad that I'm a Scout,
 Owasisippe's the place for me,
 I'll get right out and shout;
 You'd better pack your bag,
 Put on that old (blue) tag,
 And hit the trail that leads to camp,
 Help put some OUT in SCOUT!

63.

ROUND MY HEART

Round my heart, there is a little feeling,
 I feel it in the Winter and the Summer every day;
 And if you ask me, "Why the flutteration?"
 I'd say, "It's fur Owasisippe so fur, fur away."
 Fur away (fur away)
 Fur away (fur away)
 It don't matter what the other people say—
 Round my heart there is a little feeling,
 I'm thinking of Owasisippe so fur, fur away.

CAMP McDONALD

(Tune: "Artillery Song").

Over hill, over dale
 As we hit the camping trail,
 And our buddies are hiking along;
 In and out, hear them shout,
 GEE! I'm glad that I'm a Scout,
 While they're singing their own
 camping song.

Chorus:

Then it's hi-hi-hee,
 Old Camp Mack for me;
 Shout out that name loud and strong,
 CAMP MACK!
 Where'er you go, you will always know,
 That a true Scout will always come back,
 TO McDONALD,
 That a true Scout will always come back,
 TO McDONALD,
 Yes, a true Scout will always come back.

FAMOUS CRYSTAL LAKE

Famous Crystal Lake so clear,
 Chicago Scouts revere,
 From days of old.
 There dear old Owasippe
 Each year trained Scouts should be
 Good campers all,
 O'er the land there spread its fame
 'Till the camp so large became
 It split in three,
 Then South Shore and Calumet
 Formed the new camp James E. West.

Now our own camp James E. West.
 It surely is the best
 In all the land,
 Here we have our woodcraft games
 And learn of trees the names
 And other lore.
 Whether in our work or play,
 Great fun we have each day
 In all we do.
 While we strive to worthy be
 Of the name of our Great Chief.

LONG LONG TRAIL

(Camp Version).

There's a long, long trail a-winding
 Into the land of my dreams,
 Where the evening campfire's glowing
 And the bright moon beams;
 There'll be long, long months of waiting
 Until my dreams all come true,
 Till the day when I'll be going down
 That old camp trail with you.

(After arrival in camp, substitute for last four lines)

They've been long, long months of waiting
 And now my dreams have come true;
 And every day I'm slipping down
 That old camp trail with you.

(In the fall—these lines)

They've been long, long weeks of pleasure
 As all my dreams have come true;
 Here's hoping I'll be hiking down
 That trail again with you!

LI'L LIZA JANE

I'se got a gal and you got none,
 Li'l Liza Jane,
 I'se got a gal and you got none,
 Li'l Liza Jane.

(Chorus)

Oh, Eliza, Li'l Liza Jane,
 Oh, Eliza, Li'l Liza Jane.

Come my love and marry me, etc.
 I will take good care of thee, etc.

Liza Jane done come to me, etc.
 Both as happy as can be, etc.

House and lot in Baltimo', etc.
 Lots of chilluns roun' de do', etc.

Ev'ry mornin' when I wakes, etc.
 Smell those corn and buckwheat cakes, etc.

Never mo' from you I'll roam, etc.
 Bestes' place is home, sweet home, etc.

DOWN BY OWASIPPE'S SHORE

Leader: The Birds whistle!

(All whistle)

Leader: The Monkeys chatter!

(All chatter)

Leader: The Lions roar!

(All roar)

Leader: Louder!!!

(All roar louder)

And we'll all sing together as we roll along,
Hear the wild birds and the wild kangaroosters;
O we'll all sing together as we roll along,
Down by Owaspippe's shore.

LEVEE SONG

Oh, I was bo'n in Mobile town,
I'm wukkin' on de levee.
All day I roll de cotton down,
A-wukkin' on de levee.

Chorus:

I been wukkin' on de railroad
All de livelong day;
I been wukkin' on de railroad,
Ter pass de time away.
Doan yo' hyar de whistle blowin'?
Rise up so early in de mawn;
Doan yo' hyar de Cap'n shoutin';
"Dinah, blow yo' hawn!"

I use' to have a dog name' Bill,
A-wukkin' on de levee.
He run away but I'm here still,
A-wukkin' on de levee.

Dat li'l' ole dog set up an' beg,
A-wukkin' on de levee.
Till I done give him chicken leg,
A-wukkin' on de levee.

ILLINOIS (Key of F)

By the rivers gently flowing,
Illinois, Illinois,
O'er the prairies verdant growing,
Illinois, Illinois,

Comes an echo on the breeze,
Rustling through the leafy trees,
And its mellow tones are these—
Illinois, Illinois,
And its mellow tones are these—
Illinois.

Not without thy wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois,
Can be writ the nation's glory,
Illinois, Illinois,
On the record of thy years
Ab'ram Lincoln's name appears,
Grant and Logan and our tears,
Illinois, Illinois,
Grant and Logan and our tears,
Illinois.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

MORNING HYMN

(Tune: "Holy, Holy")

Onward, Boy Scouts, onward,
Face to the Mighty!
Early in the morning
Our song shall rise to Thee!
Live our Scout Laws gladly
With a cheerful part—
Brave, clean and thrifty,
Reverent in heart!

73.

(Tune: 'TIL WE MEET AGAIN)

By the blazing campfire's light,
We have met in comradeship tonight,
Round among the whispering trees,
Guard our golden memories,
And so before we close our eyes in sleep
Let us pledge each other that we'll keep
Scouting friendships strong and deep,
'Til we meet again.

74.

SCOUT VESPER SONG

(Tune: Maryland)

Softly falls the light of day
While our campfire fades away;
Silently each Scout should ask
Have I done my daily task?
Have I kept my honor bright?
Can I guiltless rest tonight?
Have I done and have I dared
Everything to "Be Prepared?"

75.

IN THE GARDEN

I come to the garden alone, while the dew is still
on the roses,
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.

Chorus:

And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

I'd stay in the garden with Him, tho' the night
around me be falling,
But He bids me go; thro' the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling.

76.

SOMEBODY

Somebody did a golden deed
Proving himself a friend indeed;
Somebody sang a cheerful song,
Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Was that somebody you? Was that somebody you?

Somebody idled all the hours,
Carelessly crush'd life's fairest flow'rs,
Somebody made life loss, not gain,
Thoughtlessly seemed to live in vain,
Was that somebody you? Was that somebody you?

Somebody tho't 'tis sweet to live,
Willingly said, "I'm glad to give;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight,
Bravely he lived to shield the right,
Was that somebody you? Was that somebody you?

77.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

I love to tell the story, of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His Glory; of Jesus and His Love,
I love to tell the story, because I know 'tis true.
It satisfies my longing as nothing else can do.

Chorus:

I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story, of Jesus and His Love.

I love to tell the story, more wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies, than all our golden
dreams,

I love to tell the story, it did so much for me;
And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.

78.

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Onward, Christian Soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before;
Christ, the royal Master leads against the foe,
Forward into battle, see His banners go!

Chorus:

Onward Christian Soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Like a mighty army moves the church of God,
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod.
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song;
Glory, laud and honor unto Christ the King!
This thro' countless ages men and angels sing.

I WANT MY NECKTIES WILD!

(Tune: Capital Ship)

Oh, some may long for the soothing touch
 Of lavender, cream, or mauve;
 But the ties I wear must possess the glare
 Of a red-hot kitchen stove.
 The books I read and the life I lead
 Are sensible, sane, and mild.
 I like calm hats and I don't wear spats—
 But I want my neckties wild!

(Chorus)

Oh, give me a tie that's wild!
 One with a cosmic urge!
 A tie that will swear
 And rip and tear
 When it sees my old blue serge!
 Those ties in quiet taste
 To me are all a waste—
 I'll wear tame shirts until it hurts,
 But I want my neckties wild!

Now, some will say that a gent's cravat
 Should only be seen, not heard;
 But I want a tie that will make men cry
 And render their vision blurred.
 I yearn, I long for a tie so strong
 It will take ten men to tie;
 If such there be, just show it to me—
 Whatever the price I'll buy.

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in filial love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
 We pour out ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear,
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

SCOUT PRAYER SONG

(Tune: Marcheta)

The Boy Scout:

Our Father in Heaven
 Each new day confronts us
 With troubles that only boys know.
 Each sun sets on lone lads
 Whose young hearts are calling
 For true men to lighten their woe.
 The Scout Oath, The Scout Law,
 The Motto, The Good Turn,
 Are helping to lighten our task.
 Our Country, Our Parents,
 Our Leaders, Our Boyhood,
 On these your kind blessings we ask.

The Scout Leader:

Our Father in heaven
 Above us we ask thee
 For guidance in our daily task.
 May virtue and manhood
 Stand strongly amongst us
 To thee we give all of our thanks.
 The Scout Oath, The Scout Law,
 Their lessons unfolding
 To our youth in numbers untold
 Our Motto, Our Good Turn,
 May we live and teach it
 Great Spirit of Scouting We pray.

Both:

Our Father in heaven
 United in spirit
 And purpose to follow thy will
 We stand here devoted
 Trustworthy and loyal
 Attempting thy law to fulfill.
 As Boy-man and Man-boy
 Our lives are unfolded
 Before Thy wise judgment each day
 We ask Thee to guide us
 Protect us, inspire us,
 With rev'rence Great Spirit We pray.

82.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Faith of our fathers living still,
 In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
 O, how our hearts beat high with joy,
 Whene'er we hear that glorious word,
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will love,
 Both friend and foe in all our strife
 And preach thee too, as love knows how
 By kindly word and virtuous life.
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.

83.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER

Now the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh,
 Shadows of the evening
 Fall across the sky.

Father, give the weary,
 Calm and sweet repose,
 With thy tend'rest blessing
 May our eyelids close.

When the morning wakens,
 Then may we arise,
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In thy holy eyes.

84.

TAPS

Day is done, gone the sun,
 From the lake,
 From the hills,
 From the sky;
 All is well, safely rest,
 God is nigh.

Fading light, dims the sight,
 And a star
 Gems the sky,
 Gleaming bright,
 From afar, drawing nigh,
 Falls the night.



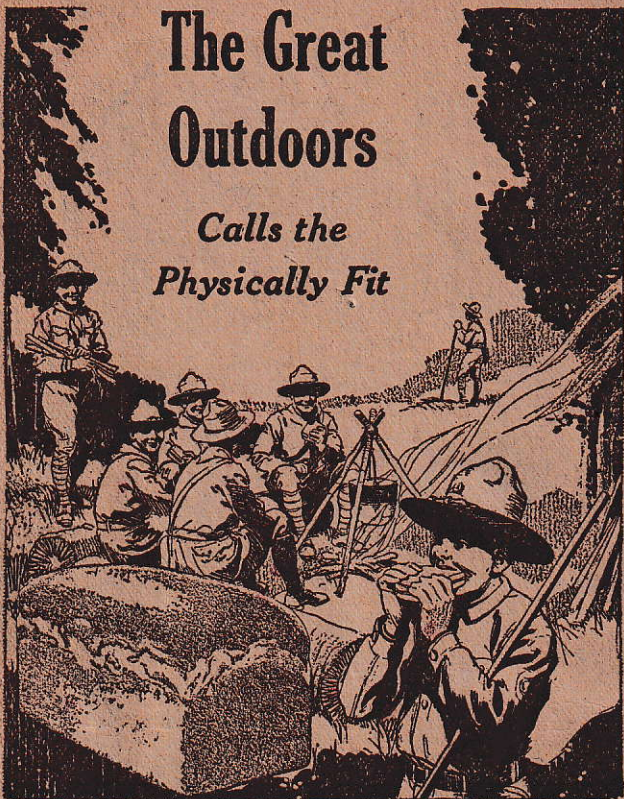
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